

Life Is Hard

by CassieHU

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Summary: It has been six months since Max sacrificed Chloe Price for Arcadia. Rachel Amber has been found. Both Max and Rachel are depressed, but, perhaps in the death of their old friend, can light be found? Is there a way for their lives to be intertwined? A new disaster may loom on the horizon, and only the two girls may be able to stop it.

1. Chapter 1

It'd been many long months since that event. The one Maxine Caulfield kept playing over and over in her head. She missed the blue haired fireball, and was still in a state of regret. Why hadn't she saved Chloe Price?

The thought haunted her, every day. She had chosen Arcadia Bay, a town full of shitholes, over her best friend, and perhaps even her girlfriend, should she had chosen to. Instead, she saved assholes like Nathan fucking Prescott.

Her alarm went off. Max ignored it, sighing. Life was hard without her best friend. She felt her phone vibrate, and she finally got up, and shut off her alarm, and checked who it was from.

The phone displayed "(1) New text message from Rachel."

Max smiled. One of the only people who understood her, up at this time, and texting her. She checked the message

"Hey Max, you up?"

"Yeah, what's up Rachel?"

"Just thinking about Chloe."

"Same. I really miss her."

"I know you do. It must suck coming back from Seattle, just to have your old best friend die."

"It does."

"Wanna visit her grave?"

"It might help me."

"It'll help me too. A shame it was her death that freed me."

"It is. Fuck Nathan Prescott."

She sighed, and looked at herself in the mirror. She popped one of her meds into her mouth. A few months ago, she had been diagnosed with PTSD and depression, and while she couldn't stop the feelings, she at least could keep them at bay. She looked back at the mirror, and sighed. Her appearance changed drastically, her hair now a dark purple, and it was slightly longer, barely reaching her shoulders. She had gotten a few piercings, visibly her nose and lips. She felt it more as an homage to Chloe, especially the tattoo on her arm.

"Rest In Peace Chloe."

She grabbed one of her cigarettes, the ones that Chloe liked, and took a drag. Luckily for her, David Madsen didn't completely crack down on her. She was allowed to have these after all, they helped with her stress.

Her phone buzzed again, and she picked it up

"Meet me at the cemetery in an hour?"

"Sure."

"See you then."

* * *

><p>Rachel sighed, and laid down in her bed, and took a drag on her cigarette, inhaling the gases from her weed. She breathed out, and sighed. Like her friend, she had been diagnosed with PTSD and depression. It seemed cruel that she had been forced into an exchange.<p>

"Chloe Price's Life for Rachel Amber's."

She sighed again. Life was cruel to her. She had been kidnapped by Mark Jefferson, Nathan Prescott, and was basically forced to do porn. And in order to get free from jail, the Prescotts gave the police her location, and a shitload of money. Life wasn't worth it. She looked at her wrist, scarred from her suicide attempt. Ironically, it was how she met her next punk bombshell. Maxine Caulfield.

She was no where like how Chloe described her, all pierced up, purple hair, and wearing Chloe's hat. And she rocked the look, probably the only other person who could. The two had struck up a friendship

almost immediately. But, with each passing day, she was getting the same feelings she had for Chloe. And she felt that Max was getting the same feelings as well. She looked down, and sighed. She was meeting Max in an hour, to visit Chloe's grave. Visiting her always made her feel better. And with Max coming with her, maybeâ€¦ It'd be better with her.

Rachel sighed, and showered. She had a lip piercing like Max's, but otherwise kept her original long hair, and looked generally the same as when Chloe last saw her. She got out a good twenty minutes later and put on a plain black shirt and black leggings. She cooked up a quick breakfast, and ate. She checked the time. Her phone read 6:42. She sighed.

"Better catch up with Max."

* * *

><p>Max was already waiting for Rachel by the time she got to the cemetery, in the same clothes as Rachel. She smiled at her.<p>

"Great minds think alike, huh."

"Exactly Max. Hell, you look better than I do."

"You're the model here, I can't look better than you."

Rachel looked away to hide a blush, but Max smirked, having seen it.

"Wanna go visit our old friend now?"

"Well, wasn't that our plan?"

Max nods, and the two girls would enter the cemetery. It was modest sized, with enough graves for it to be considered a cemetery. Knowing the way, the girls walked to two certain graves, and knelt down. One of the graves was William Price. The other?

Chloe Price.

Max felt tears in her eyes, and she looked down, letting the tears water the ground.

"I'm so sorry Chloeâ€¦ I should have saved you."

Rachel was crying at this point, and Max put a hand on her back

"It's okay Rachel." Max hugged her "She's happy now at least..."

"I hope so..."

She looked at Chloe's grave again

"God damn itâ€¦ You were so young tooâ€¦ You had a life ahead of you."

Rachel sighed, and scooted closer to Max. Max looked at her and

sighed, and laid down, grabbing a cigarette and taking a drag on it

"You want some?"

"Max, you know me way too well. Of course."

She grabbed the blunt and took a drag as well, and then smiled, laying next to her.

"Let's just relax for a while, I guess."

Max nods, and looked over to her. Without thinking, she put a hand on one of Rachel's breasts, and sighed.

"It sucks without her."

Rachel didn't answer, but scooted closer, and put a hand on one of Max's breasts. Max blushed

"R-Rachel!" She giggled a little

"What, you're touching me too. You just gave me permission."

She blushed even more as she realized that she indeed did have her hand on Rachel's breast. She squeezed it a little, and smiled.

"Well, I guess I did."

"And do you know what else you gave me permission to do?"

"What?"

Rachel smiled, and got on top of Max, and put her lips against hers. Max blushed even more, but returned the kiss, wrapping her legs around Rachel's. Their tongues met, Rachel's exploring Max's mouth. The two pulled away.

"I love you Rachel."

"You too Maxine."

"Don't call me that."

"Fine."

The two girls laughed, and kissed again.

2. Chapter 2

Max sighed, and laid down in her bed, just thinking. She had kissed Rachel Amber. And it felt amazing. Maybe Chloe's grave hadn't been the best place to make out with her, but she didn't feel any regret. She had finally found love in the months Chloe had been gone. It was past midnight, but the two were still texting.

"Hey, I should be going to bed. I'm getting tired."

"Okay babe. Love you Max."

"You too."

She put her phone down, and passed out. Or, at least it felt like she passed out. Insteadâ€¦

"Fuck. Not this again."

She was in a vision. It was dark, cold. She felt helpless, blind.

"Where's Rachel?"

That was her first priority, find her lover. She made her way through the darkness, trying to at least feel where she was. It was a forest of sorts. Butâ€¦ She wasn't near the lighthouse. She was sure of that. She stumbled, but managed to catch herself. She felt a force nearby, and felt as if it wanted to follow her. She would follow it, and reached a beach. The beach. Her vision cleared, and she looked out into the stormy gale. Her first thought was a tornado, but she realized there was much worse on the horizon. For a stormy night (or day?), the waves were far out. She realized what it was.

"Tsunamiâ€¦"

She jolted awake. 5:59 AM. Her alarm went off a few moments later and she quickly shut it off. She was freaking out.

"I need to tell Rachel."

She called the girl up. Rachel answered a few moments later.

"Hey babe, you wanna head out today?"

"Maybe later. Come to my dorm. Now."

"Is something wrong?"

"No. I don't think so at least. I just need to talk to you. In person."

"What about?"

"It's super important. Like I need to show you important."

"Okay, I'm headed over. Give me a few minutes."

Rachel would come in a few minutes later, wearing a T-Shirt with a skull on it and black short shorts

"Sexy."

Rachel smiled a little.

"I try. Now what is there that you need to show me?"

"Well I need to talk to you first."

"About what exactly babe? You can talk to me about anything you know."

Max drew in a breath, and sighed

"Chloe's dead because of me."

"No Max. She isn't, it's not your fault. Don't blame yourself. I kept blaming myself and look where it got me. The god damn hospital."

"Rachel, Chaos Theory. Have you heard of it?"

"Is it math? I hate math more than Chloe did."

"Well, guess I should explain what I really meant, and I should admit to you anywayâ€¦ It's the sixth month Chloe's been dead anyway. She'd want me to explain."

"I'm listening."

"I can manipulate time to my will, at an extent. Say I dropped my phone and the screen cracked I could fix it with my time powers."

"You're fucking insane Max. Did you smoke too much last night?"

"I wish."

"Soâ€¦ You're going insane, huh. You miss Chloe too much?"

"Let me explain."

"Yes, I totally want to hear your insane bullshit."

"RACHEL!"

"Jesus Christ, okay, calm down. You sound like you're telling the truthâ€¦ Hopefully. I should listen if this concerns you."

"That's what I want to hear. Anyway, I can do basically what I want with time. In an alternate reality, I saved Kate Marsh from suicide."

"And how do I know you're not lying about this. Prove it."

"Wannaâ€¦ Head in the bathroom, lock the door for a good minute, unlock it, face the wall."

"And you're gonna request me to get in the shower and strip nude for you."

"Later. As in, tonight maybe."

Rachel raised an eyebrow

"Joking."

"It's not rape if I like it."

"I know, now just head to the bathroom door."

Rachel did as so, and Max smiled, waiting till she heard the door unlock. She walked in

"Now wha-"

Max braced herself. She had not used her rewind power for 6 months. But nowâ€¦ She headed back. She smiled, pleased with herself. The door was indeed locked, and Rachel had done as told. She was facing the wall. Max smirked and put a hand on her ass.

"Surprise."

Rachel turned and would've slapped Max across the face if hadn't been her

"How. The. Fuck?"

"Time travel. When I time travel I teleport in a sense. Meaning I just got passed the lock while you just faced the wall unsuspecting."

"That is so cool. So how did you cause Chloe's death again? You weren't in the bathroom when she got shot."

"I was when I was in the alternate universe. And I saved her in that universe. But in that universeâ€¦ There was a tornado of some shit, and it destroyed Arcadia Bay. Andâ€¦ And..."

A tear dripped down Max's face.

"Chloe asked me to sacrifice her. And I felt right doing itâ€¦ We kissedâ€¦ And..." She pulled out a photo. A photo of a blue butterfly.

"I used this to go back in time. To the day she was shot. This photo should technically not existâ€¦ Because I wasn't in the bathroom. I was in my dorm, crying. It felt right thenâ€¦ But, now..."

Rachel kissed her "I understandâ€¦ It felt right. Sometimes you just can't fuck with fate, even when you have the power to. She was destined to die that day sadly."

"No she wasn't!" Max was weeping at this point. "I could have saved her!"

"And fuck up Arcadia Bay? Destiny is strong. And while Arcadia Bay may be shit, you and I can get out of here soon. That's our destiny."

"I should have saved her..."

"Max, it was either me or Chloe. Either way you'd feel guilty."

"You're rightâ€¦ When I came to this universe..." She pulled a newspaper out of one of the drawers, and put it on the table. Rachel

read it.

"Rachel Amber found, Dead in Junkyard."

"That was the alternate universe, huh."

Max nods.

"That's what I thought. But I'm hereâ€¦| Chloe is probably happy, smoking weed, doing the shit she wants wherever she is. Personally, I'd prefer Hell. Heaven would be all homophobes and boring people."

Max laughs.

"Exactly."

She kissed Rachel, and she smiled, before shutting her eyes.

"Before the tornado, I had visions. And I'm having them again. It's a stormy day, and I was on the beach. The waves were far out. A tsunami is coming I feel like."

Rachel kissed her "Wellâ€¦| Do what you have to do. If the tsunami does come..." She smiles "Well, looks like we have some driving to do then."

Max smiled, and kissed Rachel again.

"Well, in the alternate universe, Chloe was my partner in crime. Meaning I need a new partner. And Rachel, I choose you."

"Well, if there's anything we can do, it's together. Let's kick some ass."

Max smiled, kissing Rachel again, and putting Chloe's beanie on.

"Indeed. We have much to get done."

3. Chapter 3

Max sighed, and kissed Rachel.

"Thanks for coming. Should we like, go hang out in the junkyard? Maybe smoke some weed? I got more coming today."

"Sure babe."

Her phone vibrated, and she grabbed it.

"One moment Rachel, I need to take this."

Max went outside and answered her phone.

"Hey Victoria. Do you need something?"

"Justâ€¦| Wanting to talk. You free?"

"Well, I was about to head out with Rachel."

"So, you are dating her?"

"What did you expect. Rumors happen to be true sometimes, and when you have two punks who may be dating each other, it does make a bit of sense."

"Damn. I'm happy for you girl."

"Thanks, I guess."

"Well, if you wanna stop by after you and Rachel, then sure. I'm open."

"Alright Queen Bee. See you in a couple hours?"

"I don't like being called that anymore."

"I know, after Courtney and Taylor. Sorry."

Victoria sighed

"I was thinking about that really. I just feel like talking about it, because of the shit with Chloe and Kate. You're really the only one who understands me."

"That makes two of us."

"At least you got Rachel."

"I have you too. If we ever break up you're my next choice."

"Thanks."

"See you in a few hours Victoria."

"You too."

She headed back inside.

"You ready to go?"

"Sure babe. Who were you talking to?"

"Victoria."

"You mean, Bitchtoria? You're talking to her out of all people?"

"You don't understand. She's changed a lot. She needs help."

"Whatever. Let's go Max."

LINE BREAK

Max laid down in the grass, sighing.

"This feels just like Chloe."

"Everything does really."

Rachel reached over to her, and stroked her hair

"It's great to relax at least, even if our old friend is gone."

"It really is. I miss her."

"We probably will for the rest of our lives. She's just irreplaceable. You're the closest thing I have to her."

"I could say the same for you."

Rachel smiled and reached over to kiss Max. The two girl's lips met and they kissed, Max shutting her eyes and letting Rachel explore Max's mouth. The two would pull away soon, and smiled

"I love you Maxine."

"Rachel, I said don't call me that."

"I'm your girlfriend, I can call you by your real name if I want."

"No you can't."

"Fine. You win."

"I always win."

Max smiled, climbing on top of Rachel and kissing her again, Rachel wrapping her legs around Max.

"I'm supposed to be on top of you Max."

"Not now. I promised you that you could rape me tonight."

"But I don't wanna."

"Oh so you do want me to rape you huh."

"It's not rape if I like it."

Max squeezed her breasts, and smiled.

"Later. For now, we should just relax, and make out."

Rachel nods, kissing her.

"Nowâ€¦ What's the idea?"

"We can always visit my parents in Seattle. Saying there's not much to do in Arcadia anyway."

"I guess."

"Besides, I have super awesome parents. They'll be glad to meet you."

"Alright. If you want me to go, I can."

"Well, lets get started then. I should probably visit Victoria though. I did promise."

"Alright. I'll be outside the pool."

LINE BREAK

Max sighed, and entered Victoria's dorm

"Hey, you wanted to talk?"

Victoria looked up

"Yeah." Her eyes were red from crying. It was obvious that she was having a rough time. She had to cope with many things over the months.

"Courtney and Taylor?"

"Noâ€¦| Kate."

"Hey, it's not your fault."

"Whatever Max. She died because I recorded a video and posted it everywhere."

"No. You were being your old dickhead self."

"That's why it's my fault. I was being a dick to Kate!"

"And don't get me started on Courtney and Taylor, their deaths were not your fault. It was an accident."

"They left me because I was an asshole..."

"No they didn't..."

"Max you're way too kind, you really are. I don't deserve this."

"Victoria, everyone deserves a second chance. Even the worst people."

Victoria would hug Max, and she smiled.

"You're a great friend Victoria. I don't want you to leave."

"Thank you Max."

"No, really, it's nothing."

"This means a lot to me Max."

"I know. Well, try and have a good rest of your day I guess Victoria."

She nods, and sighs. Max got up and headed back to her dorm, and

packed her stuff. She headed out to Rachel.

"So, you wanna head out for a drive?"

"You bet."

The two girls headed out to the parking lot, and got in Chloe's old truck. Max smiled, and started it up.

"We got a drive to go on."

****OP Note: I respond to reviews! If you want to give me constructive criticism, please go ahead! I tend to respond in PMs, as to not clutter my stories. Feel free to tell me what I need to do better, or what I'm already good at. Just use ******_constructive _****criticism**, so no "This is bad." Thank you! Have a great day! Or Night, as I'm posting this at 11:00 PM****

4. Chapter 4

Rachel laid back in the passenger seat as Max drove, smoking a blunt. The two girls were cruising down I-5, windows down, and blasting their music as loud as possible, which for an old truck was surprisingly loud. Rachel smirked a little, before flicking the blunt out the window.

"I wasn't completely done with it. Free weed."

Max giggled a little, kissing Rachel. The traffic was great, and they'd be in Washington sooner or later. Max stalled a little, grabbed a blunt, and lit it, taking a nice long drive as she drove along the highway. She flicked the blunt out when she was done. Rachel kissed her on the neck, and Max smiled.

"I wish I could take my eyes off the road for a second just to kiss you."

"I know babe. Soon."

"Soon as in, me raping you, or soon we can kiss."

"Max, do you understand? It's not rape if I like it."

"Yes so you liked it when Mr. Jefferson raped you? You so totally had sex with him."

"Actually, no. He did not put his dick near me. In fact he never stripped. I bet it's a micropenis."

Max giggled, and nods. Rachel touched her small chest, and Max felt a tingle in her breasts. The electric touch of Rachel's soft fingers. Max smiled.

"Your breasts are cute."

"So you like my small chest, huh."

"Large boobs just don't work for you babe. These make you cuter."

"Awww, thanks. Maybe I won't be too bad tonight."

Rachel giggled, and kissed her.

"Okay babe."

She grabbed another blunt, and took a nice long drag, letting the gas fill her entire lungs. Max smiled as she breathed out.

"We gotta make them last you know."

"Trust me babe, I have a lot of packs on me right now. We won't run out."

"Okay babe."

The girls crossed the bridge into Washington, and Rachel flicked the blunt into the beautiful Columbia River down below.

"Nature needs to smoke too."

Max nods, and smiles, driving into Vancouver, and filling up on gas. Rachel and Max kissed a little. Ever since Rachel had become a big part of her life, she was starting to actually become happy again. It was like Rachel was the source of her happiness. She didn't know what she'd do without her.

Rachel seemed to be thinking the same thing too, as she looked down and sighed.

"Max, please don't leave me."

"I can't, I'm nothing without you. I'm not sure if it's because of all the flirting, but, I know you care, and that makes me happy. I don't want to die. But then that makes me a hypocrite, because I took someone's life. I'm a god damn murderer Rachel."

"It's fate Max."

"So if you're supposed to die you'll die and leave me alone?"

"..."

"That's what I thought."

"Max, that's a hard question. I believe we should follow our destiny, but I don't want to leave you, I want to prevent you from harming yourself. I don't want you to end up in the hospital from depression. I don't want you to be sad. But Fate does get in the way."

"Yes and this 'fate' is what killed Chloe, huh? Fate is not a thing for me. I can do whatever the fuck I want with fate, and I fucking killed Chloe with it." Max's eyes were tearing up.

"Max, fate bites one way or another, Nathan killed her, I was freed. You still have me right?"

"But you're saying I should follow fate and let you die if you're

supposed to."

"â€¦ If you think that, then yes, I am."

Max looked away, tears dripping from her eyes.

"You don't really love me, don't you."

"Don't say that Max! The last few days have been amazing for me, because I'm with you. Seeing you like this hurts me. I don't want you to cry, you know that." Rachel passed her a blunt, and lit it for her. Max sighed, taking a drag on it, nice and slow, and sighed, breathing through her nose.

"Rachel, I'm sorry."

"Don't be. I miss Chloe too. Please, you choose my fate, not let fate choose."

"No. Let fate choose. When I choose, I murder."

"Back to this againâ€¦ Max, I think you need rest, let me drive."

"You don't know the way."

"Hand me your phone, I'm sure I can find out."

Max sighed, and handed her phone to Rachel. She smiled, and punched in the address Max gave her.

"Trust me, I can drive this thing, Chloe showed me how. Though I may be a little rusty."

Max didn't answer, and sighed.

"Go ahead, sleep in the god damn trunk as far as I care."

Max would go ahead and do as told, and sighed. It was comfortable back there. She fell asleep in no time. Rachel sighed in relief, reached back and kissed the sleeping girl.

"I love you no matter what. I do not hold anything against you, even Chloe's death."

LINE BREAK

Rachel sighed. It was lonely without Max in the front, but, it was hard for her. In the back of her mind, she knew she was right. Max had caused Chloe's death, and that hurt. But, at the same time, she knew Chloe would get caught into something knowing her rebellious nature. Even so, thinking was enough to take her off an exit ramp and into a parking lot, where she just cried. It hurt to know her best friend was gone. The music was loud, there was no way anyone would hear her. She sighed. Max had been asleep for a few hours now. She hoped she was okay. She sighed, continuing her drive.

LINE BREAK

Max felt herself in anotherâ€¦ Vision? No, it wasn't a vision, she

was back in Arcadia, sitting on a bench. She sighed, it was a perfect day, not too hot, not too cold. Max rose from the bench, and sighed, walking around a little, hoping to justâ€¦ Find someone. Warren perhaps. She leaned against a wall, and sighed. Not many people were around. In fact, she was the only one out. A tear dripped from her eyes as she remembered the memories she had with Chloe. She looked down, more tears dripping. A hand grabbed her shoulder, and she could hear a familiar voice.

"Don't cry Max."

She looked up to see a girl she hadn't seen before. Faded blue hair, but the same young girl she had killedâ€¦

"Chloeâ€¦ But you're dead."

"I am. But Max, Rachel is right, you can't fuck with fate."

"I have the power. I could have saved you! Why are you here? You shouldn't care about me anymore."

"You did the right thing."

"You're justifying murder?"

"It's not murder. It's fate. A girl with powers over time should realize this."

Chloe stroked her hair, and smiled a little.

"I always knew you'd grow into a punk rock star. Damn, if I could have you now."

Max sighed. It hurt to look her old friend in the eye.

"Max, I'm protecting you. An angel in a sense, because I don't want you getting hurt. You're my best friend, and in fact, if the other universes hadn't been disconnected, I'm sure we'd be banging at this moment. But you gotta save your virginity, huh."

Max looked down and sighed.

"You should be the one taking it, not Rachel."

"Rachel is the only bit of remorse I have. She was mine damn it. But, no bother. You two are excellent for each other."

"Chloe the shipper."

"No, I just know that she's good for you."

"Hey, what about the universes I made disconnecting?"

"When I died in this universe, the others disconnected, in the sense I was no longer alive, and therefore no longer necessary. That's why you couldn't travel back. Fate had finally made its mark Max. I'm meant to be dead. You need to accept that."

"No Chloe. I won't accept that."

"You're still in denial, huh. No bother. But you need to make the choice. Are you going to keep Rachel alive? Orâ€¦ Is she going to die. Max, I'm sorry. I've seen you cry everyday, because you've been missing me. You vowed to never use the time powers again, and only used them that once to show Rachel. But, I fear you need to use them again. You did get my vision?"

"That was you?"

"Of course. I worry for you Max. I needed to warn you. Please, do what you think correct, but please, don't kill Rachel. She doesn't deserve it. It's not her fate."

"But me murdering you was?"

"It's not murder Max! Stop saying that! Rachel loves you, I still love you. The fact that you didn't save me is okay Max. You saved Rachel. That's more than I can thank you for."

Max felt her eyes water.

"I should be with you..."

"No you shouldn't. I'm sorry. We aren't meant to be together Max." Chloe looked down, a tear dripping from her face.

"Chloe..."

"Max, I should goâ€¦ I'm watching out for you, okay?"

"Okay."

"Now, _wake up."_ The last two words were said inâ€¦ Rachel's voice?

She jolted awake, sweating.

"You were whimpering, I thought you were having a nightmare."

"Noâ€¦ It was different." She felt guilty, not saying she had seen Chloe, but, she felt better not saying that. Maybe laterâ€¦

Max sighed and climbed into the front seat, grabbed a blunt, and took a long drag on it. She sighed and breathed out, a tear dripping from her eyes.

"It's okay Max. It's not your fault."

She simply would nod.

"We're almost there. I just heard you and was concerned. That's all. But hey, you did promise me something for when we got to your house."

"I'd prefer it if we reversed it."

"Aww, fine."

She smiled and kissed Rachel on the cheek. Rachel would kiss back, and Max cranked the engine. The two girls kissed again, and they

drove off, headed to Max's parent's house.

5. Chapter 5

****OP Note:** I am writing at 1 am. 24 hours after getting home from an Otep concert. Still very tired (And therefore, I had not published when I finished). My writing will not be the best. Please understand. Thank you.**

Rachel sighed, kissing Max as she drove through the neighborhood. The two girls were almost to Max's parent's house.

"So, how exactly are you going to come out to your parents? About being gay and all."

"I won't. Not immediately anyway."

"Alright."

Max pulled into the driveway of a nice looking house and turned the truck off.

"Is this your house?"

"Yeah, much better than when I lived in Arcadia."

"I can tell."

Max hopped out of the truck, Rachel following. She smiled at Max, took out a cigar and took a drag.

"I'm sure my parents would want to know who the fuck is smoking their weed on their property you know."

"I don't give a fuck."

"Whatever." She went to the door, and rang the doorbell.

A woman would answer a few moments later.

"Max!" Vanessa Caulfield wrapped her arms around her daughter. Max just smiled slightly, and sighed.

"Glad to see you too." She looked down, sighing again.

"I'm sorry about C-"

"I don't need pity mom, what's done is done, Nathan Fuckscott is an asshole." A tear dripped from her eyes and she sighed, wiping her face.

"Well, come inside." Rachel walked over to Max and laid a hand on her shoulder

"Is this a friend Max?"

Max would nod.

"Yeah, I'm Rachel."

"Glad to meet you Rachel. You can stay if you want, Max probably needs support. Ryan will be home in a few hours Max. Do you take anything other than meds by the way? Either of you?"

"We both smoke pot, but that's it."

"Alright, just make sure you don't burn the entire neighborhood down with it."

"That wasn't part of the plan Mrs. Caulfield."

"Good, if you want you can sleep in the guest bedroom or, well, wherever. Max seems to trust you. She's really stressed and all." Max was gone at this point in her room.

"I understand. She knew Chloe well. She was my friend too."

Vanessa would nod.

"Rachel, keep her safe, okay?"

"I will Mrs. Caulfield."

Vanessa smiled as Rachel walked into the house and headed upstairs, where Max's room indeed was. Max laid on her bed and sighed, lighting one of her cigars, taking a long drag. Rachel sat on her bed and sighed.

"Nice place."

"Thanks, I guess."

Rachel shut the door, and Max threw her blunt out the window. Rachel then got on top of her, and kissed her. Max kissed back and sighed.

"I should get some sleep babe."

"Okay, but remember the agreement we made." Rachel prodded Max's crotch, causing her to giggle

"Not now."

"I know."

"Though as a little tease." Max giggled, and stripped down to her bra and underwear. Rachel giggled and slid a hand behind her, and put her hands on her ass. Max slapped them away.

"Bad girl. You get ass later. Not now."

"Awww fine." Rachel kissed Max, and smiled.

"Get some sleep babe. After our hot sex, we're gonna get wasted at a metal concert. I can get you a fake ID real quick here. I know places."

"Alright."

The two girls would kiss again, before Max shut her eyes and laid down. Rachel smiled, putting a blanket over her small form, and kissed her.

"I love you."

"You too..." Max fell asleep, and Rachel smiled, kissing her once and heading downstairs, sighing.

"Is Max okay?"

"Sleeping. It's been a long day for her."

"Understandable. Help yourself to something Rachel, you must be starving after that drive."

"You bet." Rachel would just cook one of those easy cook Mac 'N Cheeses, not having much of an idea of what else to cook. She ate up quickly and sighed, laying down on the couch.

"So, how did you meet Max?"

"Long story, personal details."

"Understandable. She's changed a lot."

"The death of your best friend can do that." She left out the part of the time powers, but she knew that was the main reason Max had changed.

"She looks to me a lot of the time. And a friend back in Arcadia, but, other than that, she basically is a recluse."

Vanessa nods

"I'm trying to help her, it's hard though, she's gone through a lot."

Vanessa would nod again and sighed.

"Look after her, she's lost."

"Very."

Rachel sighed, grabbing a blunt and lighting it.

"Please don't smoke that in here. I don't mind if you smoke, but I do not wish for it to stink up the living room."

She breathed out and smiled.

"Understandable."

Rachel smiled again.

"Do you have any duct tape I could borrow?"

"What for?"

"A project Max and I are working on."

"Alright, go ahead, it's in the garage."

Rachel smiled, grabbing the duct tape, and headed upstairs with it, hiding it under the bed. . She giggled. If rape was what Max wanted, she'd get it. Rachel kissed the petite girl.

"You just don't know what you're getting in to."

LINE BREAK

Max woke up next to Rachel and smiled. Rachel was currently on her phone, tapping away.

"Hey babe."

"Hey. Dinner's almost ready."

"Cool."

Rachel kissed her. Max thought she noticed a glint in her eyes, but didn't really mind.

"So yeah, there's a good place where I can get you your fake ID, I know the person well."

"Alright."

Max smiled, putting on some clothes, and heading downstairs, coming back up with food for the both of them. Mashed potatoes and steak. Rachel smiled, starting to eat. She'd look up every so often, and finished up, putting the plate near the window. She checked the time. 8:00. Max had finished and put in her headphones, and was blasting her music quite loudly. Rachel smirked, and pulled out her knife, setting it on the bed. She grabbed the duct tape from under the bed, and pulled a bit of it out. She smirked, grabbing the knife, and giggled, getting behind her, and suddenly thrusting the knife under her chin, sliding her headphones off easily. She leaned into Max's ear.

"Hands behind your back now."

Max did as told, without barely a struggle, and Rachel giggled, slapping the duct tape across her mouth.

"To prevent my little victim from screaming too loudly."

Rachel pushed her on her back, removing the knife from her chin.

"Now don't struggle."

Max nods, and Rachel smiled, stripping her slowly, kissing her body. Before long, she'd have Max nude and vulnerable.

"Good girl."

Max shut her eyes, waiting. She had been waiting for this moment. She had been a little shocked when Rachel had pulled the knife, but quickly realizing what Rachel had been doing, Max was submitting to

every order Rachel gave her. And it already felt amazing.

Rachel smirked, and put her tongue to Max's crotch. It tickled, and pleased her. She kept licking, and within a few minutes, Max would have completely succumbed to the pleasure.

6. Chapter 6

Max laid next to Rachel, panting. Both girls had ended up nude at the end of the night, and were now cuddling. The clock said it was midnight. Both girl's eyes were shut, Rachel's hand on Max's breasts. Max smiled a little.

"Rachel, that was fucking amazing. You never told me you could fuck so well."

"I didn't know I could fuck that well until tonight."

"Well, you do now. Also, no more duct tape, it's hard to breathe through just my nose while getting fucked by that tongue."

"That was the plan. You said you wanted rape though, and you were a good little victim, obeying her her rapist's orders."

"I'll obey them if my rapist happens to be Rachel Amber." Max reached over and kissed her, both girls blushing.

"I love you, Max."

"You too."

Rachel opened her eyes and looked at Max's petite form. She kissed the girl as she fell asleep, and sighed. In the morning she was going to head out, get Max a fake ID, probably go to a metal venue, and the two could get wasted. Sounded like a plan. Rachel laid back down, and shut her eyes, falling asleep.

LINE BREAK

The vision Max was in seemed much more violent. She seemed to know where she was— Wasn't this the Puget Sound? In Seattle? It was stormy, waves crashing further than Seattle (And probably neighboring Bremerton) normally saw. However, there were not many, and in fact, whatever waves that happened to hit were large. As in, a tsunami. Max knew Seattle was in danger. A giant, 20 foot wave loomed on the horizon. Headed straight towards Seattle.

She felt a hand on her shoulder. Chloe, again.

"Max, you need to be careful, please. Whatever you do, prevent the storm from hitting Seattle. You don't need disaster following you."

"How do I stop it though?"

"That is not up to me. It's up to you. I'm simply warning you of what could come out of this. Don't fuck with time too much. That's what caused the Arcadia Bay tornado."

"Chloeâ€¦ Please. Stop reminding me..."

"I know it's a trigger, I'm sorry. But, please Max. For me."

"Okay..."

Max looked at the horizon. The wave appeared to be much like the tornado. Gray, and moving in an irregular way than most waves. It was moving backwards.

"By the way Max, two things. First, fate can always change, you may be faced with it soon. Don't break destiny, no matter what. Also, you and Rachel make great material for fapping."

"Why did I feel like you were going to say that?"

"Because you know me way too well." Chloe then looked to Max.

"In all seriousness, be careful. Please."

Max jolted awake. And hit her head against Rachel's.

"Ow, what the fuck?"

"Another vision? You woke me up, I'm just concerned."

Max nods. She looked at the time. It was 3 in the morning.

"Damn."

"Damn is right."

Rachel moved over to Max, and kissed her, stroking her head. Max kissed back, before starting to cry into her chest.

"Rachel, don't leave me please."

"I won't. As long as I live, I won't. You have me, it's okay." She stroked her hair again, and sighed.

"Max, what happened the week of October 7th?"

"Noâ€¦ I don't want to remember it."

"Please, in the alternate dimension, what happened?"

"Well, let's see. We have me having a vision, waking up in Mr. Jefferson's class, saving Chloe in the bathroom after rewinding, going to the junkyard, saving her life twice there, Kate Marsh committing suicide, in front of me this time, me fucking with time and saving Chloe's father, and therefore putting her in a wheelchair..."

"A wheelchair?"

"I found an old picture of us, focused on it like a camera per say, and went back in time. As I thought, an eighteen year old in a thirteen year old's body. Basically it's like that Futurama episode

where Fry goes back in time and his Grandfather dies, and therefore he should not exist. Saving William meant that Chloe got in a car crash and got paralyzed.

"Ahh."

"And then we have the Dark Room..."

"You saw that too?"

"Mr. Jefferson captured me. I don't want to go into detail."

"Fine."

"Then, we hadâ€¦ The stormâ€¦ Andâ€¦ You know the story from here." She started to cry again.

"Shh..." Rachel grabbed a blunt, and lit it for Max, letting her smoke it. She sighed.

"I don't want you to leave me either. Please Rachel."

"I can't."

"You can. But if you won'tâ€¦ Thank you."

"I love you too much to leave you."

"I love you, Rachel."

"You too babe."

LINE BREAK

By now, the two girls were sitting on a bench, Max having her fake ID ready for a concert they had found. For an April day in Seattle, it was beautiful. The girls kissed, and smiled.

"What you wanna do for now?" Max smiled, kissing Rachel again.

"I don't know. I guess just watch people?" Rachel looked over to a mother, father, and daughter, along with a dog. It felt weird seeing happiness in family, when the only sources of happiness the girls had nowadays were weed, meds, and each other. Each otherâ€¦ Max was family now. She kissed her again, and followed Max's gaze to across the street. A bar.

"Max, we're getting drunk later tonight, not now."

"But, I wanna."

"We're going to attend a fucking concert. Get drunk then babe."

"Fine."

"By the way, if you're drinking, I'm staying sober, so one of us can be somewhat sane. It's hard to be completely sane at a metal concert."

"Okay."

The girls kissed, and smiled. Max looked back to the bar, and was responded by a slap given by Rachel.

"Concert, beer, bar, ID, you know what that means?"

Max nods."

"So do that at like 7."

"Okay, fine." She giggled, and looked to the street. Cars were going by, normal Seattle traffic. She enjoyed the day. The family threw a ball, which would bounce off a tree, and, in to the road. Max already knew what was going to happen. If she didn't let Frank's dog die, she wasn't letting this one die either. She got up, and held out her hand. Rachel grasped onto her.

"Is something wrong?"

"Hold on."

The dog ran into the road, after the ball. The second a car collided with it, Max felt time warp, and she rewound. She looked at Rachel, and she was stunned.

"That dogâ€¦ Just."

"Did I take you with me? I've never done that. Odd. But then, no one's ever touched me while I rewound. That's so weird. Fuck."

Rachel smiled. Max then walked over to the family. Enjoying a day out, it seemed.

"Hi." A conversation would start between the family and her, and before long, Max would throw the ball through the park, and the dog would retrieve it.

"Good boy." She smiled.

"Have a nice day."

She walked back to Rachel.

"And a dog's life is saved."

"Did you really have to do that? For a dog?"

"The kid is seven, she didn't deserve to see a dog, owned by either her or her family die in front of her."

"You're too kind Max."

Max smiled, kissing Rachel, and waved at the family, who smiled. They'd probably seen enough lesbians in their time, and it didn't really matter.

"When we get home Max, I'm giving you a real punk makeover. You're

gonna be completely unrecognizable."

"That's what I want. I'm starting to get tired of purple hair anyway."

"Heh, alright. Well, I'm gonna go buy some stuff, you head on home. Send me a nude maybe?"

"Why send you a nude when you can have the real thing 24/7?"

"Good point." She kissed Max, and smiled.

"See you in a bit, babe."

LINE BREAK

Rachel walked into Max's room and smiled.

"We have a few hours to kill before the concert. Wanna start the makeover?"

"Of course I do."

Max smiled, and stripped to her bra and underwear.

"Shut your eyes."

Max did as so, and Rachel got to work. In a good 45 minutes, Rachel smiled, and finished up.

"You can open your eyes now and admire the beautiful work I've done."

Max would open her eyes, and smiled. Indeed the girl was unrecognizable, with her hair cut shorter than before, just reaching the sides of her head, like a tomboy's. It was dyed a dirty white, and her lips had been done a red tinted black.

"God damn."

"God damn is correct." Rachel locked lips with Max, and kissed her.

"I also was going through some old clothes I packed and found this." She grabbed a jacket. Green, leather, with real bronze bullets glued on. Both shoulders would house three bullets each.

"It doesn't fit me anymore, but I'm sure it'll fit you. Try it on."

Max would put it on. It fit her perfectly. Rachel smiled.

"Now you look even more like a badass."

Max kissed her, and smiled.

"Thanks babe."

Max smiled, grabbing a pair of black leggings and a shirt with a skull on it, putting them on. Rachel would follow suit,

smiling.

"It's 5:30 now, doors open at 6. We should head downstairs, and get out as soon as possible."

Max nods, and the two would head downstairs.

"Hey, we're leaving."

Ryan, home earlier than normal, looked at Max.

"Who are you and what have you done to my daughter?" Max just snorted, and Vanessa smiled.

"You look nice. Have fun, if you guys are going to drink, don't get too wasted."

"I'm not drinking, Max is."

"Good plan. Try and keep her somewhat under control. I understand it's a metal concert, and you teens do weird things at those, but, be somewhat sane with your alcohol consumption."

"Mother, we are legal adults."

"Still under legal drinking age. You're lucky I'm your mother and don't really care what you do. I just don't want you getting in trouble, that's all."

"I have her under control Mrs. Caulfield."

"Alright. Have fun girls."

"We will."

LINE BREAK

The two girls were currently in the venue, Max drinking a beer, with Rachel watching. The show had not yet start, and the girls simply had nothing to do but wait. Rachel had only had one beer, not enough to get drunk. Max was on her third already, and was looking slightly wasted.

"Don't get wasted too quickly babe."

"Fine, fine."

She kissed Rachel, and smiled. Rachel's eyes shut, and Max went back to drinking. The concert would start in a few minutes, and Max smiled.

"Great music."

Rachel would nod. Max downed another beer, quite wasted.

"I think we should just enjoy the music now babe?"

"Sure. It's good anyway."

The girls laid back, and smiled, listening to the bands, Max taking a

sip of her beer every so often. A person, a buff dude walked over to them, and put her hands on Max's breasts, causing her to giggle.

Rachel glared at him.

"Get the fuck away from my girl, right now."

"What are you going to do about it?"

She kicked him in the nuts and pulled out a pistol.

"Fuck off."

The guy quickly backed off, and Rachel kissed the other girl.

"Let's enjoy the music?"

Max nods.

LINE BREAK

Rachel smiled, kissing Max, laying her in the passenger seat. She had ended up quite drunk at the end, and was basically passed out.

"I love you babe." She kissed her again, and sighed. Max looked so peaceful asleep (Even if she was drooling a bit. It was kind of cute.) Rachel was a little drunk, but certainly wasn't bad enough that she couldn't drive back to the Caulfield household. She kissed Max again, got in the driver seat, looking at the punk in the seat next to her. She wiped the spit from her mouth, and smiled, kissing her. She started the truck, stroking Max's soft white hair. Rachel looked pleased with her work in creating probably the most badass, time rewinding punk out there. She drove the girls home, and carried Max inside the house, being careful to not wake the Caulfields up.

"I love you Max." She kissed the girl, laying her on their bed.

"If Chloe was here, she'd be teaching you how to survive tomorrow's hangover." Rachel sighed, and laid next to her, and quickly fell asleep.

7. Chapter 7

Rachel sighed, and kissed Max. It had been a few days after the concert, and all Max had done the day after was get up to use the toilet, puke, and eat. And then was passed out the next day.

"Hey babe, it's time to rise and shine."

"Five more minutes..."

"Five more turns into ten as your drunk ass can't wake the fuck up."

"I'm not drunk..."

"Max, seriously, you were passed out all day yesterday, wake

up."

"Fiiine." Rachel smiled as Max struggled into a sitting position.

"So, what happened after the concert?"

"You passed out, got very fucking hungover the day after, and then slept all day yesterday."

"So..."

"And yes, your parents were pissed at me for letting you get so drunk."

"They were?"

"Well, a little, but you didn't puke all over their floor so whatever."

Max chuckled, and kissed Rachel, but she flinched away.

"What's wrong?"

"Just, thinking."

"The Dark Room?"

Rachel nods.

"That's over. It's been months. Hell, you fucked me just a few days ago, you should be over it."

"I know. I just, wonder what could have happened if you died in place of Chloe."

Max looked away, a tear drifting down her face, her gaze seeming to look far away. She was remembering as well.

"Maxâ€¦ I love you, no matter what you do."

She simply nods, and Rachel reaches over and kisses her. Max started to cry.

"Why do you even love me Rachel? I killed your girlfriend. Well, the girl that should have been your girlfriend."

"Max, don't say that."

"You know it's true."

"No it isn't! If I didn't love you, I'd be in Arcadia still, not in Seattle, with your awesome ass parents, with you, my badass time rewinding girlfriend."

"Speaking of which..." Max wiped her face and sighed, "I should be coming out to my parents. At least my mom. Ryan could care less, but, my mom would want to know."

Rachel nods, kissing her.

"I'll be with you. Breakfast is in a bit."

Max nods, heading downstairs, getting water, and heading back up, and smiles, kissing Rachel.

"Breakfast smells good babe. Like, really."

Rachel smiles.

"Good, now, give me a few kisses."

Max would happily oblige, kissing Rachel. She couldn't lose her like she had lost Chloe. She knew that, she'd do anything to keep her. Rachel hugged her, and smiled.

"Let's get some breakfast."

LINE BREAK

Max smiled, laying back, eating the pancakes her mother had cooked up. They weren't talking much, not like there was much to say.

"Max, by the way, try not to get so drunk next time."

"Mother, I am a nineteen year old."

"Yes, but don't get that drunk when you're living in my house, okay? I don't care, you didn't get any of your puke on the floor, but, I prefer to have my daughter kind of active, instead of hungover."

"Whatever. By the way mom, there's something I need to tell you."

"Yes?"

"Rachel and I are dating."

"Soâ€¦ You're gay?"

"You can say that."

"Max, if you're happy, I'm happy, that's all I'm saying. I can't stop you." She got up, and hugged her daughter. Max smiled, and hugged back.

"Rachel, are you happy with Max?"

"Very, happier than I've been in months."

"I'm glad to hear. Just, keep it down if you two are going to bang. You two weren't very quiet about it a few days ago. Even if you duct taped Max's mouth, Rachel."

The two girls blushed.

"I don't mind what you two do, you're legal adults, just keep it down, Ryan and I don't need to hear it."

"A-Alright mom." Max smiled, hugging her mother again. Vanessa kissed her forehead, and smiled.

"I love you Max." She stroked her hair a bit, and smiled.

"You too." Max moved out of her mother's grip, and headed back upstairs, Rachel following suit.

"By the way guys, tonight's the night to have loud sex, Ryan and I are going to be out tonight."

"Shut up mom!"

"Just saying."

Max shut the door, and smiled.

"Maybe we should do as your mom says, Max."

"Fine, but you're on the receiving end of it tonight."

"Of course."

"No seriously, you need to understand the pain I went through when rogue rapist Rachel Amber entered Maxine Caulfield's bed. However..." Max smiled, hearing the front door close, and the car drive out of the driveway, and put Rachel's hands behind her back, "Maxine is a rapist too, and is out to get revenge before Rachel can rape her again."

Rachel giggled a little.

"P-Please, have mercy."

"You had no mercy for me, so I'm not gonna have any for you."

She grabbed the roll of duct tape, pushing her to the bed.

"We'll start tonight. But I have the power, try anything, and it'll be sooner, you understand?"

"Y-Yes Maxine."

Max kissed Rachel and smiled.

"Lets go out, I guess."

End
file.